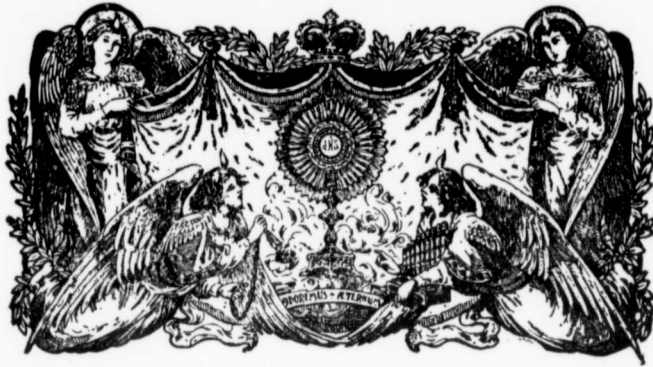




BETHANIA, MARTHA AND MARY.

HOFFMANN.



THE HOLY HOST

By Rev. C. W. B.

*Why dost Thou dwell, O Saviour dear,
 So still in that lone house of Thine,
 Without one ray of light divine,
 One sound to tell us Thou art near ?
 Faint though the halo round Thy head,
 Should bring all nations to Thy feet,
 And bid them know that heavenly meat,
 Thy voice that called, Thy hand that fed,
 Thine ever-blessed Heart that bled.*

* * *

So have we thought ; but we are blind :
Thy ways are not our ways, O Lord.
There beams no light, there breathes no word,
And few are they that seek and find.
Yet those that seek—because Thou art
So hidden in Thy lowliness—
How wonderfully dost Thou bless !
How to their thirsting souls impart,
Jesus, the riches of Thy Heart !

* * *

If in Thy glory Thou wert known,
We could not choose but yield Thee then
All that we have or are ; but when
Thou sittest on so mean a throne,
No angel near with flaming sword,
Striking the wicked with dismay,
We might go heedless on our way,
Nor bend the knee Thy throne toward,
Nor do Thee homage as our Lord.

* * *

Yet, if Thine awful splendors be
All shrouded thus from mortal eyes :
If all Thy glory hidden lies
In sweetness and humility ;
Surely, dear Lord, we cannot fail
To love Thee with a love untold,
And every precious thing to hold
For vilest dross, until we hail
Thy blessed Face without a veil.

The Eucharist and the Rosary.

Fourth Sorrowful Mystery.

The Carrying of the Cross.

The Divine Cyrenian.

How very much is meant by these words : " Bearing His Cross He went forth " ! Wearing and broken with pain of body and grief of soul, Jesus struggles forward, the end of the cross dragging on the ground behind Him. The road is rough and His steps are difficult ; every stone the cross strikes jolts it and shocks His wounded nerves. So crushed was He by the weight of it that He fell prostrate to the earth at three different times.

He must have help if He is to get to Calvary with it. The rabble feared He might die before reaching the summit of the death hill, and not wishing to be cheated out of an execution so dearly bought by the Synagogue and so forcibly urged on by the populace, they intercepted a way farer from Cyrene and obliged him to share in the dear Saviour's ignominious load.

Simon was more pliant than the executioners expected to find him and his simple-hearted compassion for the ill-treated Galilean was rewarded by the gift of faith. But this recompense, great as it was, was too little for Jesus' loving Heart, and just because " one of us " every day, in the uphill effort—in the long struggle with self and suffering. In the Eucharist He is ever with us as the Divine Cyrenian of humanity. " Come to me," He whispers from the depth of His tabernacle, " Come you who suffer, who are burdened and overburdened by the daily sorrows of life : I shall refresh you and give you strength to hold out despite the difficulties and the storms.

In this mystery, Jesus appeals to your heart and to mine. He is no longer the solitary King craving for that one hour of night-watch ; He is a dear, charitable Friend who comes to offer us His services. Sorrow craves for sympathy ; it longs to have its griefs known and shared by a kindred spirit. To find such a friend is to dispel the loneliness from life. To find a heart which you can trust and into which you can pour your griefs and your doubts and your fears, is to take the edge from grief and the sting from doubt and the shade from fear. And yet, we cannot afford to lean too confidently upon human consolation for it lacks what we most long for. It may soothe for a moment the sting of pain but it cannot cure. Human consolation has been compared to the pearly dew-drop which falls into the calyx of a flower after a long season of drought, but it is not the beneficent rain-fall that bathes the root and vivifies the whole plant. Others speak of consolation as a passing caress ; it may be but it is not the " Everlasting Arm."

One thing we may always ask an earthly friend is :—

" Have you gone through anything like this ? " Jesus alone has an eloquent answer to all our fretful questions and complainings.

Have we been betrayed and abandoned by one whom we trusted as our very selves? Our compassionate Saviour can say : " I understand your grief, poor child, for I was treacherously betrayed by an Apostle whom I loved and whom I had loaded with blessings of all kinds. Judas got rid of Me with a kiss and thirty pieces of silver in his scrip. Peter, the most vigorous-hearted of all My friends hurt me to the core by that thrice-repeated denial " I know not the man. All My disciples fled and left Me alone to cope with a sorrow that was born of their sins and yours. Nobody took My part, child, I was alone. Even My Heavenly Father veiled His Face and left Me to realize that I had indeed assumed human nature."

Have we been disdained, injured, calumniated ? Jesus can tell us how the despicable pharisees and the men of their time spurned Him and left nothing unsaid hoping thereby to undermine His influence in the souls He came to redeem.



Jesus carrying the cross.

We may complain of being reduced to the lowest stage of poverty, misery and restraint. Listen to the Blessed King of the poor : — “ A stable was My home, dear child, a manger was the crib My sweet Mother laid Me in ; I ate the bread of charity ; I had not a stone on which to lay My weary head, and died on the hard wood of the cross with a crown of thorns for a pillow,”

There are times when we may be so exhausted by physical pain as to cry out :—“ Who has ever suffered like this? I cannot stand this much longer.” A soft voice answers back : “ See My wounds, dear child, my macerated flesh, My thorn-pierced brow, my hands and feet bared through, My open side, My bloodless veins. These are the proofs of my love for thee, wilt thou not suffer on a little longer for My sake ? ” These appeals of compassionate love come to us from the crucifix, but more frequently from the tabernacle. The crucifix is but an image, the Eucharist is Jesus Himself speaking more forcibly and more persuasively than could any friend of earth.

O Christian soul, when bowed beneath the weight of a great sorrow, say not :—“ My soul is too crushed, I cannot go to Communion ” It is precisely because you are fainting that you need the help of the Divine Cyrenian. You remember the Bible story of the exhausted prophet who heard the Angel say : “ Arise and eat, for thou hast yet a great way to go.” III Kings XIX, 7 He walked for forty days and forty nights toward the mount of God, fortified by the miraculous bread.

Elias typifies the Christian sufferer who has already travelled over a long, painful road, and whose weary eyes sees the interminable stretch that lies before him.

O suffering soul, arise and eat the “ Bread of the Strong ! ” Sustained by the God who upholds your tired soul, you will trudge on courageously to the end of the dolorous way, you will climb the mount of God and when you knock at Heaven's door, you will hear the soft, sweet voice of the Divine Cyrenian exclaiming : “ Open, Father, it is I ; *we* have carried *our* cross well ; give us the recompense promised to those who have borne their sorrow in silent, loving resignation to Thy will.



AN IMPOSING PARADE

All Canada Represented.

A unique feature of the coming Eucharistic Congress will be the great procession of Sunday, September 11, when the Eucharistic Host will be borne by His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli. The procession will include not merely Montreal citizens, but numerous delegations from all the provinces of the Dominion, as well as several states of the neighboring republic. Both in point of numbers and magnificence of decoration it is expected to be without parallel in the history of Canada, and it will be also memorable for the fact that Montreal will be the first city on the American continent to be honored with a congress of this kind, an honor that has fallen in the past to such important cities of the faith as Rome, Cologne and Jerusalem.

The muster of citizens that will participate in the procession will doubtless be stimulated by the recent memory of what the English metropolis did in this respect two years ago. On that occasion 30,000 of the faithful gathered in London, and the procession included 1,500 priests and a hundred bishops, archbishops and cardinals at the head of whom was the Papal Legate, Cardinal Vannutelli, while the lay members were headed by the head of the English nobility, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Marquis of Ripon, formerly Viceroy of India. Such a vast religious gathering had never taken place in the whole history of the Church in England. Those that saw it testified to the impression it made upon a people not noted for emotion. The route of the procession was lined by over 100,000 people.

Among the preparations for the congress is the triumphal arch, already commenced at the intersection of Cherrier and St. Hubert streets. It will be surmounted by a statue of our Lord, 15 feet in height, and will measure 62 feet, including the statue. The arch is being built from the plan of M. Alphonse Venne.

During the congress the provincial Government is to offer to entertain the delegates at dinner. Details have not yet been arranged.



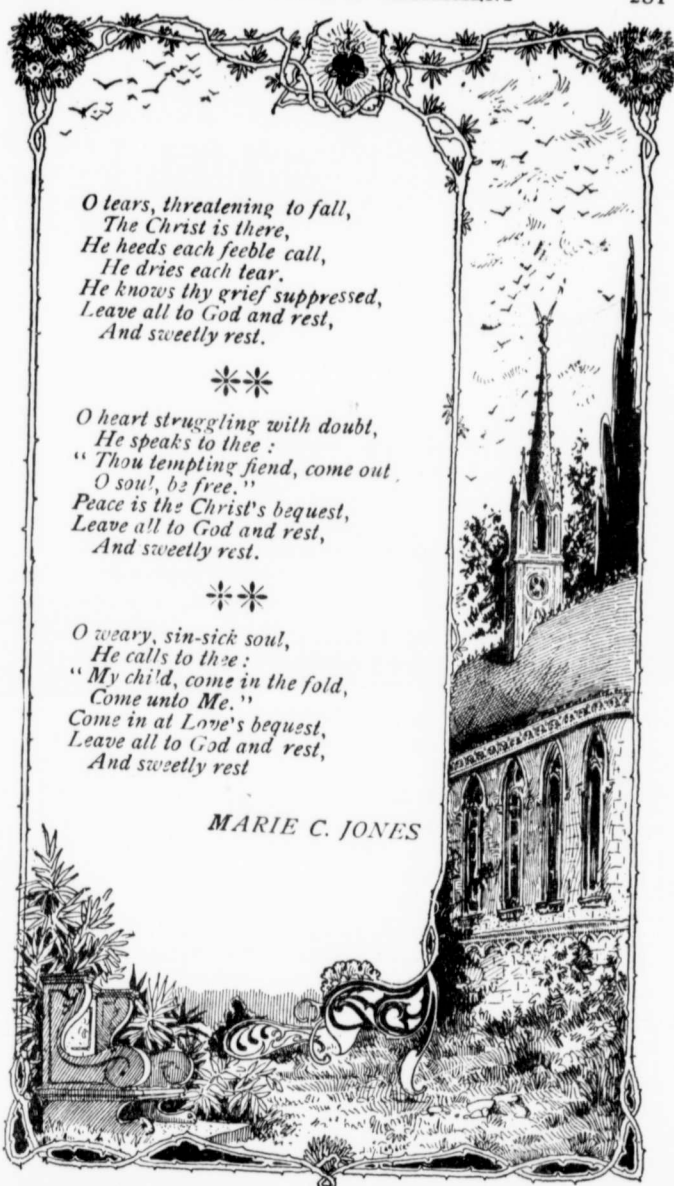
REST

*O heart bowed down with grief,
The Christ is near ;
His touch will give relief
And banish fear.
Lean closely on His breast,
Leave all to God and rest,
And sweetly rest.*



*O lips that murmur not,
Though while with pain ;
He heals each bruised spot,
Draws near again.
Be brave and stand the test,
Leave all to God and rest,
And sweetly rest*





*O lears, threatening to fall,
The Christ is there,
He heeds each feeble call,
He dries each tear.
He knows thy grief suppressed,
Leave all to God and rest,
And sweetly rest.*




*O heart struggling with doubt,
He speaks to thee :
"Thou tempting fiend, come out,
O soul, be free."
Peace is the Christ's bequest,
Leave all to God and rest,
And sweetly rest.*



*O weary, sin-sick soul,
He calls to thee :
"My chi'd, come in the fold,
Come unto Me."
Come in at Love's bequest,
Leave all to God and rest,
And sweetly rest*

MARIE C. JONES



THE EUGHARISTIC KING

ADORED BY THE KINGS OF THE EARTH.



EVERY logical and very natural it is that the kings of the earth should bend the knee before the King of heaven, and adore Him with heart and soul. "Per me reges regnant." "Through Me kings reign and legislators decide just causes: by Me, princes command and the powerful give justice." The Holy Ghost says: If those in power take too much liberty with the authority of God, their subjects, in turn, will be liable to shake off the yoke of allegiance towards those who govern them. It is our duty to respect kings and their commands, as long as they are not in opposition with the natural law, the divine law or the ecclesiastical law. Every man is subject to higher authorities. The absolute freedom of society and of its government is in direct opposition to natural reason and to the express will of God.

In virtue of these incontestable truths no sovereign of the earth can claim the right to refuse bending the knee before the God - victim, the King of the Eucharist. Many holy monarchs of the earth have understood what they owed to their God veiled beneath the sacramental species. The Encyclopedia of the Eucharist, the most interesting and complete work of its kind, relates some very edifying traits.

Saint Wenceslas, king of Poland sowed and reaped the wheat which was to be ground in preparation for the host. With his own hands he chose the grapes which were to make the wine destined to be changed into the blood of Christ. Day and night he visited his Best

Friend Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, accompanied Him when He was carried in procession or in viaticum. All he could do was, to him, little indeed for the God of the Eucharist, whose reign he worked to extend.

Baronius relates that in the city of Mesana, the Emperor Michael having been taken prisoner by the Saracens, and having no hope of recovering his liberty and of triumphing over his enemies' troops, ordered the Christians who composed part of his army to hear mass and to receive Holy Communion. The next day, the Turks were put to flight,—a visible sign of the protection of God. In another war the army of the Christians, both on land and sea, was very inferior in number, notwithstanding, the allied kings gave their soldiers the example of their love for the Eucharist : they all communicated, and feeling in their hearts the valor transmitted by the Eucharistic Bread, they pushed on with impetuosity in the midst of the enemy, laid siege to the camp of King Maure, and carried off the chains of his tent as a sign of victory.

The crusaders who set out to recapture the Holy Land went to confession and received Holy Communion. The very day of the taking of Jerusalem Godfrey de Bouillon and all his soldiers had received the God of battles, and armed with this surest of shields, they assailed the holy city, July 15, 1099, and won a most glorious victory.

We might continue for ever citing the numerous victories which the kings and nations of the earth have attributed to the help of the All powerful God of the Eucharist.

Certain kings of Spain and France, convinced of this truth had made a magnificent chariot, in which they placed, with all possible honor and respect, the Most Holy Sacrament, to be carried in their expeditions. Pushing forward thus from victory to victory, from triumph to triumph, they extended their temporal reign and established the social reign of Christ even to the very confines of the earth.

These facts suffice to show what confidence Catholic kings formerly had in the Holy Eucharist, as Defender of their country, and the Vanquisher of their enemies ;

but we wish to insist more upon the love—worship public and private, given by them to the King of the Eucharist.

In Spain, Don Juan II excelled in this devotion. He spent whole hours in the Church of the Franciscan Fathers of Abrojo near Valladolid. When receiving the Holy Viaticum, he edified all those who surrounded him saying to those at his bedside : — “ Ah ! why was I not the son of an artisan, and a Franciscan in this convent of Abrojo ; it would count more just now to me than being King of Spain.”

We know what devotion Saint Isabella of Aragon, queen of Portugal, had for mass and Holy Communion ; a devotion that she transmitted to her children and to all those of her castle and court.

Saint Louis, king of France, had such faith in the Real Presence of Jesus in the Eucharist, that one day the Divine Infant having appeared in the Sacred Host during the celebration of mass, he refused to go to see the miracle. The assistants were astonished at such behaviour on the part of the king but he explained all by saying : “ Let him who does not believe, or who doubts of the Real Presence go to see, I need no miracle to increase my faith in Christ's presence in the Eucharist, let those who believe not go.”

In the last illness of St Ferdinand de Castille, the Holy Viaticum was brought to him. As soon as he heard that our Dear Lord was coming into his palace he cast himself, dying though he was, on the floor prostrating himself in the most profound humility. He had previously given orders that all the royal insignia be removed from the halls, wishing thereby to show that the royalty of earth should disappear in presence of the Divine Majesty.

A similar example has been cited in regard to St. Edward and many other sovereigns of Europe.

Saint Canute, king of Denmark, was found prostrate at the foot of the Tabernacle after receiving his Lord in the most Holy Sacrament where he had been murdered by his enemies.

Dona Isabella of Castille received Holy Communion frequently and fervently.

Saint Elizabeth, queen of Hungary, assisted at mass every morning and received our Blessed Lord with the greatest humility considering herself a slave in presence of the King of kings. She always removed her crown and jewels, and remained prostrate in adoration and oftentimes in the sweetest ecstasy in the presence of her hidden God and Saviour. The kings and princes of the house of Austria were staunch friends of our Eucharistic Prisoner. History tells us that an ancestor of Austrian Majesties, Rodolph of Hapsburg, was once returning home accompanied by a servant when he met a priest and his sexton on foot, bringing Holy Viaticum to a sick person. It was raining at the time, yet this great Christian nobleman got down from his horse, made the priest mount, covered him with his cloak and begged the sexton to mount his servant's horse, then he took the bridle of the horse on which rode the minister of God, accompanied him to the sick house and afterwards led him to the church door. The priest speaking in the fulness of his gratitude for Rodolph's kindness, predicted great honors and riches for him in return for the honors bestowed upon the Blessed Sacrament. His predictions were fulfilled to the letter.

Charles V assisted with great respect and devotion at processions of the Blessed Sacrament and he would often say :—“ Neither the scorching noon-day sun nor the chilling dews of evening have ever affected me when there was question of a Eucharistic procession.

King Philip II, going one day to the sacristy of the Escorial with the prince, his eldest son, saw a priest vesting alone. The monarch ordered the prince to help the minister of God in putting on the vestments. This prince who was afterwards known as Philip III, obeyed but being somewhat absent-minded he forgot to remove his head-covering. The king seeing this called his attention to it saying : “Prince do you realize what you are doing ? The boy immediately uncovered his head and continued to help the priest.

When Philip II saw a priest coming from the sacristy to celebrate mass he took off his hat reverently. When asked the cause of this respect which was looked upon

as exaggerated in those days, he answered softly : "To me the priest who comes to say mass is as a reliquary or the pyx of Christ."

To have an idea of the great devotion of Philip IV towards the Blessed Eucharist we have but to read his correspondence with mother Marie de Jesus d'Agreda, and we shall see with what respect he celebrated the feast of Corpus Christi and Holy Thursday.

Next in order, after the house of Austria, comes the house of Bourbon and the kings of Catholic Spain who have ever given proof of edifying piety toward Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

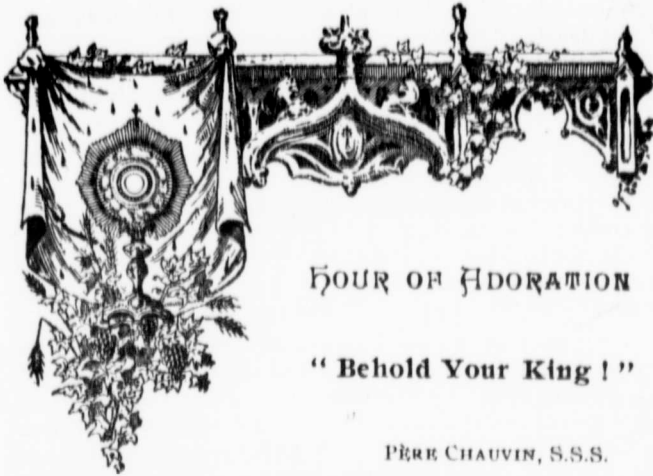
The great Franciscan missionary, St Leonard of Port Maurice who died in 1751, speaking of queen Mary Clementina's devotion to our hidden Lord tells us that he did his utmost to procure for her the means of assisting at all the masses she desired so much to hear. This princess was so recollected during the Holy Sacrifice that she was more like a statue than a living mortal, and under no consideration would she accept a kneeling cushion.

The same saint tells us of a virtuous Roman lady who not only heard several masses every morning but who helped and encouraged young girls to take charge of the sacristy. She always kept a supply of corporals, purificators and other church linen which she gave to missionary priests for the benefit of the poor churches.

These few incidents will give an idea of the ardent devotion of christian kings toward the Blessed Sacrament of our altars. If the government leaders of all nations would but recognize the King of the Eucharist and His divine authority, He would bless the nations over which they rule and give them prosperity and peace.

Would that we could hasten by our ardent desires and fervent prayers those days of happiness which would be days of triumph for the Eucharist, those days so ardently longed for by our Venerable Pontiff Pius X who is paving the way for it by inviting the good-willed souls of earth to approach the Holy Table and feast upon the little Host of Love—our God !





FOUR OF ADORATION

“ Behold Your King ! ”

PÈRE CHAUVIN, S.S.S.

Pilatus autem cum audisset hos sermones, adduxit foras Jesum et dixit Judæis : Ecce Rex vester !

Now, when Pilate had heard these words, he brought Jesus forth, and he saith to the Jews : Behold your King !
(JOHN XXI, 13, 14.)

I. — Adoration,

Behold your King ! Jesus' words had produced on the mind of the judge a powerful impression. He appeared touched and more than ever inclined to set the Accused at liberty. The Sanhedrites had lost no time during this private interrogatory, for they had been doing their utmost to stir up the people against Jesus. And so, when Pilate appeared on the threshold of Antonia, he was received with the cry : “ *If thou release this Man, thou art not Cæsar's friend. For whosoever maketh himself a king, speaketh against Cæsar.* ” To proclaim one's self king in an organized kingdom, is evidently and, that in the most serious manner, to oppose the reigning sovereign. It is to commit the crime of high treason. And before Rome, a simple accusation was often equivalent to a sentence of death. “ the Emperor suddenly learning that, in one of his provinces, some one was arrogating to him-

self the title of king, meant for Pilate certain disgrace, if not death." The image of Tiberius passed before his eyes. Pilate made no reply, his conscience was vanquished. Innocence, proclaimed six times by him, was now to be sacrificed to his own interest.

Then it was that he had the Divine Accused led out before the multitude. Up to this moment He had been in the prætorium at the mercy of the soldiers. After ascending his tribunal with slow and reluctant step, Pilate seated himself, and then formally presented Jesus crowned with thorns and in the purple mantle, saying ironically to the Jews : "*Behold your King !*"

It is God Himself who makes use of Pilate's lips to proclaim in the face of heaven and earth the royalty of His Divine Son. It was a pagan who from the height of his tribunal, with all the pomp of his sovereign power, in the capital of Judæism, although he had heard from the mouth of Jesus of Nazareth the affirmation of His royalty, addressing the High Priest, the successor of Aaron, all the priestly and levitical order, and the entire Sanhedrim, in presence of a crowd of gentiles and strangers belonging to all nations, on the most religiously solemn day of the year, toward midday, the hour at which the whole city was gathered at the foot of Antonia for the deliverance of a prisoner,—yes, it was Pilate who proclaimed Jesus *King of the Jews*, and consequently, the promised Messiah : "*Behold your King !*" And this proclamation he made neither in the name of Tiberius, nor in that of the Romans, but as if he were at that moment the representative of all the nations of the world and the herald of Heaven, he raised his voice and exclaimed : "*Behold your King !*" Can we doubt that God Himself dictated those words to Pilate, and that in this way He made use of the highest authority of Jerusalem to glorify His Son ?

The Jews would not recognize Him. We, who have the happiness of possessing the Faith and of believing in the divine royalty of Jesus, proclaim the truth of His title of King. Does our soul, perhaps, fall into bitter sadness at the thought of not having assisted at the official presentation of Jesus, to offer Him our sentiments

of adoration and loving reverence? And yet what have we to desire? Is not Jesus in the Host, and does not the Holy Church, always in the Name of the Eternal Father, present It to us with the words: "*Behold your King! Come, adore Him!*"

Yes, Christians, "*Behold your King!*" As the Son of God, He has been our King from all eternity. He has been appointed by His Father sole legatee over all that He created, and He reigns by His almighty power over the whole universe.

Yes, "*Behold your King!*" As Man, Jesus was crowned King in time. His human nature in becoming the humanity of the Word, has necessarily received from Him sovereign preeminence, the high dominion over every creature of which He is the Chief and the Head. Hence, at the instance of the Incarnation, this Sacred Humanity had a right to reign, to dictate the laws of the world, to exact homage from every created will, and to punish those who refused it.

He is of all the most lasting, and the best secured from revolutionary turmoils. Alone among all others, His Kingdom, that is, His Church, has the promise of eternal life, and His enemies will come one after another to dash themselves to pieces against the footstool of His throne. His reign is not an epoch. It has eternity before it.

He is of all the *most powerful*. No king commands the universe. A monarch has around him equals, other kings. Jesus has no equal. He is the King of kings, the King *par excellence*. He rules them all from the height of heaven. It is to Him alone that God His Father has said: "*I gave Thee all the nations as Thine inheritance.*"

And yet, the dominant, the characteristic note of His government, that which raises it to an infinite height above the kings of the earth, *is His love*. The majority of them want to reign by power. In the administration of their affairs they make much more use of their heart. Such is not the governmental program of Jesus. Before making use of His power, even against His rebellious subjects, He persuades by love. Before being feared, He desires to be loved.

O Divine Host, which contains so great and so good a King, I prostrate before Thee, and I offer Thee the homage of the most profound and respectful adoration !

III. — Reparation.

“ *Behold your King !* ” The Jews burst into rage at this proclamation, which they regarded as the height of insult. It is no longer cries that resound, but furious yells : “ *Down with Him ! Away with Him ! Crucify Him !* ” They must make an end of Him ! Execrable formula of apostasy ! How often had they not felt the effects of His goodness ! How often had they not received from Him the most signal favors for body and soul ! And at that moment, by unprecedented ingratitude, they clamor for His death on a cross as an infamous malefactor.

Pilate insists, his lips trembling with indignation and irony : “ *What ! Shall I crucify your King ?* ” “ *We have no King but Caesar !* ” they shout. What a humiliation for the Jews is this declaration ! Before pronouncing it, they have had to tread under foot all their dreams of independence, all their hope of a Messiah, Moses and the prophets had long ago announced that the Messiah would be a king, and that He was to come under the reign of a pagan prince. This promised Messiah, upon whom the salvation of the whole nation rested, all the prophecies turned, all the religion which they had always preached and taught was founded,—this promised Messiah, these pontiffs, the official organs of God’s people, rejected at this moment. By so doing, they disclaimed all their rights and theoretic privileges and declared themselves the vulgar subjects of Tiberius,

It was not only Jesus whom they repudiated, it was the Messiah, whosoever He might be, since the Messiah was to be a King ! Unhappy nation ! Having lived up to this hour in expectation of a liberator, through hatred of Jesus, it now forever forswears its Messiah. The Synagogue has carried its crimes and ingratitude so far that the time has come for the Saviour’s menace to the Jews to be literally verified : “ Have you never read in

the Scriptures : *The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner ? By the Lord this has been done, and it is wonderful in our eyes.* Therefore, I say to you that the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and shall be given to a nation yielding the fruits thereof."

All was over. At that shout of the High Priests, the Jewish nation ceased to exist. If the sceptre given over to the hands of Jesus, is one of sweetness for some, it is one of inflexible rigor for others.

What a lamentable sight for a Christian, King Jesus presented by Pilate and greeted by those sinister shouts ! The Son of God tottering, borne down under the weight of sorrow, a reed in His hand for a sceptre, bound in chains, scantily covered with a purple rag, His body bruised and torn with stripes, His head stained with blood and crowned with thorns, crushed with suffering, appearing like a bloody shadow upon Pilate's terrace. His people are apostates ! God had chosen them from among all the nations, and instructed them in His holy Law, had promised them a liberator—the Messiah ! This nation, which had some time previously desired to place Him on the throne of Israel, not only wished no longer to recognize His royalty, but, by a black, dastardly calumny, sought to make Him appear before the courts, as a State criminal, a competitor of Cæsar.

How many Christians who, like Pilate, fulfil badly their duties of statesmanship through fear or personal interest ! How many Christians, who, like the Jews, cannot support the sight of Jesus, the sight of His Host, the sight of His Crucifix ! How many cannot hear His Name uttered without pouring forth horrible blasphemies ! The world has ever its priests and its altars to crucify Jesus, and the Divine Master is constantly the Victim of avarice, ambition, vengeance, wrath and oppression.

Pardon, Divine Saviour, pardon for Pilate's criminal hesitation ! Pardon for the impious shouts of the Jews ! Pardon for all our revolts ! Mercy for the souls in purgatory, who once were guilty of similar crimes !

II. — Thanksgiving.

“ *Behold your King !* ” The Most Holy Trinity has just proclaimed by the lips of the Procurator the royalty of the Incarnate Word. The better to emphasize the grandeur and importance of this revelation, it took care to surround it with circumstances that could concur in making it clear to the eyes of all. It was in a public place, when the Jews and Gentiles were assembled in crowds at the foot of the Roman tribunal ; it was on the solemn day of the Pasch, the greatest solemnity of the year ; it was where the sacerdotal and levitical orders, the Sanhedrim, earth and heaven and hell, had their representatives. And it is Pilate, the delegate of the Empire, the representative of God Himself, who, without knowing it and in spite of his unworthiness, proclaims Jesus’ right to our homage, as He has a moment ago, proclaimed His right to our admiration and imitation.

That moment, in effect, was of sovereign importance for the nations. At that solemn instant God took away His kingdom from the Jews and gave it to other nations. The Jews then lost their glorious privilege of being the theocratic nation, and the pagans, with full right, superseded them. From that instant, Jesus became officially the King of the nations and the nations officially became His subjects. From that moment, Jesus in some measure became indifferent to the Jewish nation which had rejected Him, and took up the reins of government among the other peoples.

How thank Thee sufficiently. O my God, for having given us a King so good and kind to govern us, for having made us, in spite of our unworthiness, the subjects of so liberal a King ? No king will ever love his subjects as Jesus loves His, none will ever take so much interest in them, none will so ardently desire to gain their hearts.

His Father has just bequeathed to Him the heritage of heaven and earth, two immense kingdoms, separated, however, by an immeasurable distance, and whose subjects for the most part have manners and customs diametrically opposite. Thence arises a difficulty. In which will He establish His residence ? In heaven, He would

be sure to find the most perfect love and submission ; on earth, with the exception of a few faithful subjects, many will be actually hostile to Him, and the majority indifferent. What shall He do ! Where fix His court ? Whom will He consult in this most important affair for His poor subjects on earth ?

If heaven possesses Him, then earth will lose Him, and oh, how sad and miserable it will be without its Saviour and its King ! No, be not afraid. His heart could not consent to such a separation. Subjecting then His almighty power to the needs of His love, Jesus will find means to remain in His earthly kingdom while reigning on His heavenly throne. He will do even more. Not a single region of the terrestrial globe, not a single village will be deprived of His Presence. Wherever it may be, He will find subjects, He will cast His tent, He will establish His dwelling. He wants to be there, always present everywhere, this King so kind, in order to love, govern, to help the least, the most miserable of His subjects. And all this until the end of ages ! What a grand Heart is that of our Divine King !

And Jesus wills to retain this inferior condition until the end of the world ! What gratitude humanity owes Him ! Upon His throne of grace, this Divine King has hand and Heart always wide open. The gates of His temples are ever thrown open to all. He receives all His subjects with the same goodness and, if some rebel, urged by Him to repent, comes to implore His mercy, the guilty one may be assured in advance of a gracious reception and pardon. I thank Thee, O Divine Trinity, for the magnificent revelation Thou has made to the world regarding the royal dignity of Our Saviour ! I thank Thee, O Divine Jesus, for having willed at the cost of so many sacrifices, to abide perpetually in the midst of Thy subjects, governing them with the sceptre of love and leading them sweetly to heaven !

Henceforth, I wish to be a submissive and faithful subject, a subject full of love and consideration for a Prince so liberal.

Mary, tender and most devoted Mother of Our King Jesus, obtain for me the grace to be faithful to my resolutions.

IV. — Prayer.

“ *Behold your King !* ” Pilate invites the Jews to acknowledge and proclaim Jesus as their King, and the Jews make their choice. Cæsar will be their king, and Jesus must be put to death.

The Eternal Father constantly presents to the world the Divine Redeemer, present and living in the Eucharist, saying : “ *Behold your King !* ” Behold your King, to adore, to love, and to serve,

Cæsar at the same time presents himself to reign over the heart of the Christian. Cæsar is the world with its unreasonable demands, its maxims, its sensual delights ; Jesus is the Host, humiliation, suffering, the crown of thorns, the cross. It is not possible for you long to remain undecided. You must rally under the standard of one or the other. Whom are you going to choose—Jesus or Cæsar ?

Yes, Father, I have chosen. Jesus shall be my King ! I want Him to reign as a Sovereign over me. Father, hear my prayer. Let Jesus Hostia reign over my intelligence. I wish henceforth to think only of Him, His divine perfections, His infinite loveliness, His holy law, His adorable precepts, His examples. I want to make Him forever the King of my thoughts !

May Jesus-Hostia reign over my heart ! May my heart henceforth be all His and His alone ! May He have the first place in my affections ! May my heart never have the misfortune of being divided between His love and that of the world, between the service of this Divine King and that of my passions ! I wish to establish Him forever the King of my heart !

May Jesus-Hostia reign over my will ! I wish to submit to His law, to embrace His good pleasure, bravely to wear His yoke. Upon Thee, O my God, I rely to resist the enemies of His kingdom in me and to defend the citadel of my soul. Give me strength boldly to say no to sin and temptation, and to live without fear or reproach in the service of Jesus. Yes, I choose Him forever the King of my liberty.

May Jesus-Hostia reign over my whole life ! May I labor, pray, suffer, and rejoice for Him ! May my only joy in this world be to live under the shadow of His tabernacles or at the foot of His thrones. May my supreme happiness be to seat Him every morning on the throne of my heart in Holy Communion ! Grant, O Jesus, universal King of souls, that Thy Eucharistic reign, the reign of Thy Sacred Heart may come !

Direct and govern the world of souls. It is not enough for Thee to have triumphed over the mind by faith, subjugated hearts by love, souls must offer Thee the homage due Thy Divinity, namely, adoration. May all acknowledge Thee not only for a King, a great King, but for their God, their Creator, and their Saviour ! May all confess their nothingness before Thy infinite greatness !

Be Thou the king of nations, of families, of individuals. Be forever my King. I rely on Thy grace. And if some foreign Cæsars rise up again to assail me, to lay siege to my heart, I will unhesitatingly reply to them : " I have no King but the Lord Jesus Christ—*Non habeo Regem, nisi Dominum Jesum Christum !* "

How blessed is the soul that can say to Jesus in all truth : " Thou art my only King, my only God, my only Love ! "

RESOLUTION. Unite hourly with Mary, and with Jesus actually renewing in a mystical manner His immolation of the Cross upon some altar on earth. Communicate spiritually in the Divine Victim. Often repeat this prayer of the Ven. Père Eymard : " Oh, that I could establish on earth the beautiful kingdom of Jesus Christ ! "



The Eucharistic Seal



LD Mademoiselle de Mibreuil shook her head ominously, as a fair-haired child dashed by the chateau, her spirited pony at full gallop, and her pretty face all aglow with the excitement of a race with her brothers.

"Believe me, my dear," said the old lady to her niece, the Countess de Piremont, "you really must be more strict

with that child. She is altogether too wild. You spoil her too much. She will never be good and devout like her sisters, but a worldly, giddy girl, who will bring your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"I really don't feel anxious about Jeannette, Auntie" answered the Countess with a smile. Hers is a merry, happy nature, but she has an excellent heart and a great desire to do right, and I have no fault to find with her. I feel that I can thank God for all my dear children."

"Ah! you will see, you will see!" muttered the sour old creature. "That child is too frivolous and too pretty to turn out any good," and she quite panted with virtuous indignation, for she was one of those poor souls who, although very pious in their way, always see the dark side of things and the mote in their neighbor's eye. She was a decided trial to all relatives, especially to the De Piremonts, to whom she was now making a painfully long visit.

The chateau in which they lived was one of the most beautiful of Touraine, that land of stately homes, and was surrounded by a magnificent park and gardens that were the pride of the whole countryside. The family, which consisted of the Count and Countess and their six children, was of the bluest blood of France, and was a particularly happy one, very pious and devoted to works of charity.

On one side of the chateau, but built much farther back, so that it could not be seen by any one standing in front of the house, was an exquisite Gothic chapel, on which every succeeding generation had delighted to lavish costly offerings. Holy Mass was said there every morning by M. L'Abbe Plante, the boy's tutor, and at the time when these events happened the Blessed Sacrament was reserved there and the whole family and many of the dependents vied with one another in their devotion to their Eucharistic Lord, making him long visits and decorating His altar with the choicest flowers. Even little Jeannette did not fail to do so, and though too restless to enjoy staying long in the chapel, her visits to it were very frequent and fervent ones, and she perhaps thought of our dear Lord during the day as often, if not oftener, than did her apparently more devout sisters.

"I can't think," she said to Yvonne one day, "why you need to stay so long in the chapel. I just go in and say to our Lord, Oh! Jesus, I love you so much, so much! I give you my heart. I will try to be good and please you, please help me to become a saint, and bless me and all those I love. Then I feel that He blesses me, and I leave the chapel feeling quite good and happy, but I am not holy or clever enough to say long prayers as you do."

Jeannette, fair and rosy, with her merry blue eyes and masses of fair, wavy hair, was indeed a contrast in every way to her two elder sisters, Helene and Yvonne, both dark and rather quiet, serious girls, especially Yvonne, who was already looked upon as a future nun. Sweet as she was, there was nothing nunlike about little Jeannette; she was too fond of fun and mischief, and with her sunny, buoyant nature, was more inclined to romp with her brothers ride her pony or row on the lake, than she was to partake of her sisters' occupations. She was tender-hearted and affectionate, and a bright, clever child, very painstaking at her lessons and a great favorite with Mademoiselle Maurier, their governess. Indeed, she was a favorite with every one except Mademoiselle de Mibreuil, who, when the child's father called her "My sunbeam," remarked snappishly that "My whirlwind" would be far more applicable.

One of the last days of the old year there had been a great ball at the chateau, to which all the country round had been invited. The younger children, however, had been sent to bed after having a peep at the first dance, and Mademoiselle Maurier, before taking them to their rooms, had gone with them to the chapel to say night prayers, as the good Abbe was away on his holidays.

The guests had been gone several hours and the whole household, fagged out by the entertainment and the work it had entailed, was sleeping soundly when, all of a sudden, one of the man-servants tore through the corridors, banging at the doors, and shrieking :

“ Fire ! Fire ! Fly for your lives ! The chateau is on fire ! ”

In a minute all was indescribable horror and confusion. Mademoiselle Maurier and the children slept on the upper story of the house. In an incredibly short time she managed to dress and help the children to do the same. Jeannette, being the youngest, was, of course, her chief anxiety, and she seized a heavy white woolen dress that the child had worn the previous evening, and slipped it on her, afterward wrapping her up in a heavy plaid shawl. Then, followed by the others, she went to the head of the staircase, but found it a mass of flames ! For a minute they stood panicstricken. Then Mademoiselle Maurier recovered her presence of mind and said : “ Let us try the servants’ stairway.” They rushed there and found it still practicable, though volumes of smoke were pouring upward. They had groped their way down one flight of stairs and were starting down the second when Jeannette suddenly exclaimed :

“ I wonder if any one has thought of Aunt de Mibreuil ? ” and in spite of Mademoiselle’s entreaties, she insisted upon rushing back and along the second floor corridor to the old lady’s apartments, where she found her dressed, but too totally scared and unnerved to leave her room. Jeannette’s cheery coolness seemed to bring her to her senses, and she allowed the child to lead her to the head of the servants’ staircase, where Mademoiselle and the Count, having seen the other children safe, had run up again in search of them. Together they help-

ed the old lady down, and soon the whole family, in tears, stood clinging together before the blazing edifice which had been for so many centuries the happy home of their ancestors.

The Count and his wife, though intensely thankful to find all their loved ones safe, were in despair at the loss, not only of their beautiful and historical chateau, which was very poorly insured, but of all the heirlooms and art treasures it contained. They were, in fact, witnessing the destruction of the greater part of their own and their children's fortune. The Count had managed to save most of the important papers, the Countess and her maid between them had rescued the family diamonds and lace, worth many thousands, and some of the members of the household had contrived to carry out a few of the most valuable pictures and tapestries, but the rest was now past all hope, for the whole place was a mass of flames. It must have been on fire for a considerable time before laborers from the village, seeing the flames from afar, had rushed up to give the alarm.

Meanwhile Jeannette as soon as she was out of the house and had been embraced by her parents in the joy of mutual safety, had slipped away unobserved to see if the chapel was safe. No ! the roof was on fire and the flames from it seemed to reach sky-high ! Should she run back to call for help ? That would cause delay, and she felt that they would probably say it was too late to enter the burning building. Yet the Blessed Sacrament must be save !

Throwing her cloak over her head, she dashed into the chapel, felt her way through the blinding smoke to the sacristy door, which happened to be open and tried to find the key of the tabernacle. For a few seconds she searched in vain, and the roaring of the flames sent such a terrible dread to her heart that she was almost tempted to run away. But to leave her dear Jesus there in the tabernacle. No ! never ! if need be she would die there at His feet.

With a fervent prayer of " Jesus ! Mary ! help me ! " she groped again, found the key, and, hastening to the tabernacle, seized the ciborium, and felt all around to be sure she was leaving nothing.

Then, she never knew how, she made her way to the door again, the flames roaring over her head and the burning roof cracking so ominously that at every second she expected to feel it crashing down on her. But she did not seem to care now that she had the dear Jesus pressed against her breast.

By this time the whole village had assembled before the burning chateau, while the few firemen of the place made futile efforts to save what remained of it. Just then the old priest staggered up from the village, gasping :

“ The chapel ! has any one thought of the Blessed Sacrament ? ”

No. In their horror and despair, none of them had thought of the possibility of the chapel being on fire. There was a simultaneous rush toward it. What was their despair to see it all ablaze !

“ The Blessed Sacrament ! you must save the Blessed Sacrament ! ” cried the Countess, wildly, wringing her hands, and some of the firemen advanced toward the burning building, but were beaten back by the flames.

“ I will go myself, ” said the Count, rushing forward, but dozens of hands grasped him firmly and held him back.

“ You cannot go ; it is too late . . . it would be your death ! ” all exclaimed. Just then arose a cry of anguish from the Countess :

“ Jeannette, I can not see Jeannette ! ” she shrieked.

“ I ’ m sure she came out of the house with us, ” answered her father. “ She was the one who thought of Aunt de Mibreuil. ”

“ Oh ! Jeannette, my child, where is my child ? ” cried the mother despairingly, and as they looked for her in vain, a sorrow too great for words wrung all hearts.

Just then there arose a great cry from the assembled crowd and every one stood as if spellbound. Would they ever to their dying day forget the sight that was before them ? There, standing as if in an aureole of flames which leaped up all around her, her pale face and earnest eyes lighted up by their cruel blaze, stood little Jeannette, clasping the ciborium to her breast, and carry-

ing it as calmly and reverentially as if she had been in a bower of roses instead of a circle of fire. Her cloak had fallen off, and she looked like some apparition as she came forward in her white dress through the fire and smoke.

The good Cure had been the first to recover from his stupor. He hurried toward her and, when she came down from the steps on the gravel walk, she said simply as she handed him the ciborium :

" I know I ought not to have touched it, but you see I couldn't help it. I had to save the Blessed Sacrament."

They had only just moved forward into safety when there was a terrific crash, and, turning round, the child saw with a shudder that the roof had fallen in.

"How good Jesus was to give me time to save Him !" she murmured.

A great shout of "Hurrah for Mademoiselle Jeannette! Hurrah for our little heroine !" rose from the crowd, but the child did not hear it. She had fallen fainting into her mother's arms.

Although Jeannette had been almost miraculously preserved from the flames, considering the furnace she had been in, her face and hands had suffered most, and her mother dreaded lest she should be scarred and disfigured. But her burns left no trace, except one round white scar, the size of a small Host, upon her arm. Her mother would often bend down and kiss it, and think in her heart that the good Jesus had left, as it were, His seal upon her little girl. — Henriette Eugenie Delamare in Benziger's Magazine.



THE VALUE OF A MASS



E and I were staunch friends. With us, friendship was valued for what there was in it, not for what could be gotten out of it. He was many, very many years my senior and had viewed the great world in all its lights and shades. "That man lives twice who lives the first of life well," he would often say in order to stimulate my half-formed resolutions and limping efforts.

One day I asked him why he was up and out to mass so early every morning, often in spite of ill-weather. "There is really no obligation," said I, and especially when the church is so far from you." "Well, my boy, it's like this," he replied, "I was a careless lad in the days gone by. I did not understand the real meaning of rendering homage to God by assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. But, when I came to think of it I hadn't the time either. No..., even on Sundays I was often obliged to work, and consequently could not fulfil the precept of assisting." His voice trembled as he continued slowly—"Little by little I drifted away from all things holy. I must have been an awful disappointment to my Creator during the years that followed. I don't know exactly how it happened, but a day came when I awoke to the reality that this life of mine was a failure. I was not a man. Then God was merciful; He gave me strength to begin a new leaf. Now, I am trying to repair the great blank and blur of the past by being a man of positive force—a man with a program—a man who maps out his course and goes straight to the goal."

His voice had grown determined. Doubtless I looked puzzled at his last statement, so he explained. "My positive force will be God's grace; my program, mass every morning of my life; my goal—Heaven, the Home of perpetual masses."

He ceased to speak. His reasoning carried conviction with it for he had learned to understand the value of a Mass.

Shall I recall another incident? It may serve to increase your zeal for assistance at the one great Sacrifice of our Holy Religion.

About twenty years ago, in a small town in France there lived an old lady who, notwithstanding her four-score years had apparently not grown old. Her prie-dieu in the corner of the church was never vacant at the six o'clock mass. The most forbidding circumstances cannot repress the longing for spirituality growth in the hearts of those who love God, yet few who saw the dear old lady realized that her home lay beyond a rocky incline which she had to descend each morning in her way to church. Neither wind nor snow, nor the bitterest blast of mid-winter could keep her from the Holy Sacrifice. There she was to be seen reading through her silver-rimmed spectacles; or, when eyes would grow tired, she would sit with folded hands and converse with God. Almost every morning she approached the Holy Table, ever hungry for the Bread of Life, and when mass was over she would tell her beads until the fifteen decades had slipped through the callous fingers. To her, there was no possibility of beginning the day without mass; so, whether the heavens were smiling or clouded; the land wrapped in leaves or in snow; whether she felt the gentle wind-breath of summer or the crisp, cold blast of winter, daily she wended her way to the House of God.

One January morning, the hoar frost was so thick on the slippery foot-path that the most nimble and courageous did not venture beyond the threshold of their homes. But the dear old lady did not hesitate; off she started at the usual hour and resolutely began to descend the beaten hill-path which led to the church. She had not gone very far when, as might have been foreseen, her feet slipped and she fell heavily to the ground.

With difficulty she got upon her feet again. Her arm was badly injured and, owing to the pain when she tried to move it, she let it hang a limp, lifeless thing at her side. She was much nearer to home than to the church, but instead of retracing her steps she gropingly pushed

on. Although she experienced intense pain, still she managed to hear mass and to receive Holy Communion. She could not, however, recite her rosary as usual. On her return home, the pain forced her to speak of the accident.

"But, dear grandma", said a curly-headed grandchild, "why didn't you come home at once? We would have taken care of you. Why did you stay in the cold church for three quarters of an hour, suffering like that?" The question was asked in pity not to blame.

"It might have been better for my arm, laddie, but I could not omit mass. I received our Divine Lord and His visit has paid me well for the trouble I had in reaching Him." The arm continued to swell and the pain increased so rapidly that medical aid was necessary.

"Well, doctor, said the brave old soul, in reply to his questioning look, "I fell on the ice and I suppose I must have sprained my arm." "Indeed, my good woman," exclaimed the doctor, "You have done worse than that—You have broken it!"

"Broken it? Oh, then, thank God it is my arm and not my foot. It will be an easy thing to get to church "arm in sling" She smiled as those only who truly love God can smile. What faith, what piety, what love for Jesus in the Eucharist is expressed in these simple words of a fervent Christian!

She understood the value of the Holy Sacrifice. If we of this progressive twentieth century could only realize and bear in mind that the Sacrifice of the altar is the grandest, the most august and the most divine on earth! It is the most Godlike of all possible acts. In a word, it is the only Sacrifice that can exist. It is a God who sacrifices Himself to a God.

Mass is like a creation; it is the miracle of all miracles. The priest, another Jesus Christ, pronounces over the bread and wine the decisive words and the bread is no longer there—the wine is not wine now—Christ the Word made flesh, the Sacred Victim is there offering Himself to His Heavenly Father for us! Do we realize it?